

We are a few of those collected here
That ruder Tongues distinguish villager;
And to say veritie, and not to fable;
We are a merry rout, or else a rable
Or company, or by a figure, *Choris*
That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.
And I that am the rectifier of all
By title Pedagogus, that let fall
The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a Perula the tall ones,
Doe here present this Machine, or this frame,
And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall fame
From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from post to pillar
Is blowne abroad; helpe me thy poore well willer,
And with thy twinckling eyes, looke right and straight
Vpon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight
Is—now comes in, which being glewd together
Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hether.
The body of our sport of no small study
I first appeare, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speake before thy noble grace, this tenner:
At whose great feete I offer up my penner.
The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,
The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night
That seeke out silent hanging: Then mine Host
And his fat Spowse, that welcomes to their cost
The gauled Traveller, and with a beckning
Informs the Tapster to inflame the reckning:
Then the beast eating Clowne, and next the foole,
The *Bavian* with long tayle, and eke long toole,
Cum multis alijs that make a dance,
Say I, and all shall presently advance.

Thes. I, I by any meanes, deere Domine.

Per. Produce.

Musicke Dance.

Knocke for
Schoole. Enter
The Dance.

Intrate filij, Come forth, and foot it,
Ladies, if we have beene merry
And have pleas'd thee with a derry,
And a derry, and a domne

Say

say the Schoolemaster's no Clowne:
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too
And have done as good Boyes should doe,
Give us but a tree or twaine
For a Maypole, and againe
Ere another yeare run out,
We'll make thee laugh and all this rout.

Thes. Take 20. Domine; how does my sweet heart.

Hip. Never so pleas'd Sir.

Emil. Twas an excellent dance, and for a preface
I never heard a better. *(warded.)*

Thes. Schoolemaster, I thanke yon, One see'em all re-
Per. And heer's something to paint your Pole withall.

Thes. Now to our sports againe.

Sch. May the Srag thou huntst stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong:

May they kill him without lets,

And the Ladies cate his dowlers: Come we are all made.
Winde Hornes.

Dij Deaq; omnes, ye have danc'd rarely wenches. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 7. Enter Palamon from the Bush.

Pal. About this houre my Cosen gave his faith
To visit me againe, and with him bring
Two Swords, and two good Armors; if he faile
He's neither man, nor Souldier; when he left me
I did not thinke a weeke could have restord
My lost strength to me, I was growne so low,
And Crest-falne with my wants: I thanke thee *Arcite*,
Thou art yet a faire Foe; and I feele my selfe
With this refreshing, able once againe
To out dure danger: To delay it longer
Would make the world think when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fattening like a Swine, to fight
And not a Souldier: Therefore this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that Sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with; tis Justice:
So love, and Fortune for me: O good morrow.

Enter Arcite with Armors and Swords.
Arcite.